and eventually three beautiful young ladies came with large and splendid dishes of gold, filled with precious diamonds, pearls, rubies and other valuable gems." Surely Shah Jehan, the Moghul, was at one with Oscar Wilde, the modern, in his philosophy of curing the soul by the senses, as the senses through the soul. For the Taj is the life of the spirit in marble, as the Diwan-i-Khas is the desire of the flesh in stone. Almost every inch of it is crying out with the passions and penances of the men and women who have made history there.

What shall we write of the two daughters of Shah Jehan ? Who of all the women who have lived and loved in those peerless rooms most vividly stir the imagination of their sisters of the pale race from across the seas. Who of us wandering over the polished floor beside the aqueduct, and behind the marble screen with the pair of balances, into the little lovely rooms beyond, has not fancied to see the ghost of Jehanara glide shade-like away from

where it waited for a phantom lover, to hear the chink of Roshanara's bracelets as she counted on her fingers the hosts of her brother Aurungzeb ? To Jehanara, World Adorner,

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